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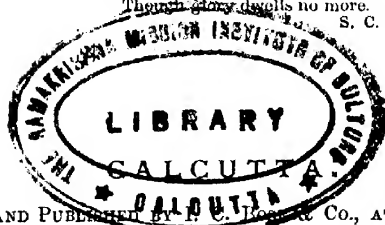
THE
INDIAN PILGRIM.

CANTO I.
HINDUSTHAN PROPER.

BY
JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT.

My native land, I love thee still!
There's beauty yet upon thy lonely shore;
And not a tree, and not a rill,
But can my soul with rapture thrill,
Though ~~story~~ dwells no more.

S. C. DUTT.



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DEDICATION.

TO

My Youngest Brother

ABINASH CHUNDER DUTT.

DEAR BROTHER ! The offerings here I bring
Accept tho' poor and all unfit for thee,
Fain would thy name I with these verses string.
It gives my heart a joyous thrill to see
My efforts blended with thy name to be ;
Fain with this garland would I crown thy brow.
The world has been a dreary waste to me,
And life itself would be a burden now,
Dear brother, but for thee ! and very few as thou.



DEDICATION.

The world doth not, ah ! cannot know thy worth,
The world that idly gapes at glitt'ring gold !
Rank, wealth, soci'ty, title, blood and birth
Are painted baubles both for young and old.
And charity and patr'ot's love are sold
As easy cloaks to cover crime and shame.
For ah ! who can the inner man behold ?
There see the strife for riches, rank and fame
That to the outer world assume a holier name.

But I have watched thee when thou wert a boy
Till virtues slowly did in thee unfold ;
As one beholds a sapling pine with joy
Till rises the big tree luxuriant bold,
Far 'bove his height. With virtues manifold
So hast thou o'ertopped me. In years tho' young
In worth far senior thou ; in wisdom old.
I fain would catch instruction from thy tongue,
And make thy life my guide, as ~~here I live along.~~

*leads thy name this
Song*

The Indian Pilgrim.

CANTO I.

HINDUSTHAN PROPER.

I.

I FEEL an aching pain upon my brow,
And grating voices jar upon my ear,
O! toil and turmoil quite o'erpower me now,
And weary sinks my heart 'neath weight of care.
Is there no nobler hope in this world drear,
No nobler work than strive and struggle still,
And jostle with the world, till slowly wear
Our nobler passions all away,—until, [still.
Our heart grows cold and dead,—we toil and struggle

II.

Yet I with my poor lot could live content,
Nor quarrel for scanty favors with Dame Fate,
If only two more favors she had sent,
Or may send yet, for still it is not late.
I want nor fame, nor power, nor wealth, nor 'state,
Nor titled name which many strive to win ;
Nor wish to be admired, nor deemed be great.

I humbly wish but two more things were mine,
That I might bear the toils and ills of life, serene.

III.

Who that has time and leisure at command
But spend his days 'mong books and library ?
There where big tomes and smaller volumes stand
Who would not feel entranced such sight to see,
Nor plunge him headlong in that deep sea
Of never dying human thoughts and lore ?
How sweet the world would then appear to me
If there I were permitted to explore
The long long ages past, and knock at science' door.

IV.

The other Moon is like the one before,
I crave, a little competence and time,
That I may freely range the wide world o'er,
The snowy heights of high Himalay climb,
Or gaze with wonder on the sea sublime.

These were the fond dreams of my boyish years,
And my buoyant youth still panted for the same.

And even now tho' bent with age and cares [bears.
The same dear boyish dreams my withered heart still

V.

But life to me doth like a mirage seem,
Which wakes to vanish in the desert sand,
I see the joys of earth around me gleam,
They gleam alas ! but fade when near my hand.

Yes, dream after dream in colors rich and grand
Have mocked my swimming eye and aching sight,
Till crazed with care and crossed with hopes I stand.

A few more years, this heart will cease to beat ;—
Life's purpose unattained,—undone life's missions
[great!

VI.

But truce ! The few days now for respite given
Must not be stained with pensive thoughts like
[these.
For now I am, as a gay bird in heaven,
O ! free to wander almost where I please.
Now snorts my iron horse, and the pure breeze
Stirs other thoughts, and cheers my withered heart.
Now welcome village scenes and fields and trees ;
And crowded town ! From thee I now depart,
Thou seat of gilded vice, thou home of the upstart.

VII.

The lowly huts that peep among the trees,
The sea of verdant fields that spreads around,
The gentle brushing of the village breeze
That bends the pliant corn upon the ground,
The hazy fields that now my prospect bound ;—
These well can cheer my few hours of leisure.
For earth for me with joys does not abound,
And my lines must flow in mournful measure,
And sadness steals on me, e'en in hours of pleasure.

VIII.

For mark where Pandua's tower there rises high,
Pandua ! Great King Pandu's ancient seat !
That standeth like a giant 'gainst the sky,
And marks the fatal spot of our defeat. [meet
There where the brave, the young, the proud did
'Gainst moslem host in battle's dread array,
And there they fell, and thence they did retreat
The bold defenders of their homes that day.
And since, their kingdom, glory, all have passed away.

IX.

[brow,

Long have I walked and walked with thoughtful
[tower.

Midst ruined mosques and moslem domes and
O ! where are they, I ask, who raised them, now ?

They had their short brief day of pomp and power.
Unto our land they came in evil hour, [crime.

And steeped the soil in shame, and blood, and
With sword and fire they robbed our home and
[bower ;

And on our necks they trampled for a while.
And now behold their works, in ruins most sublime.

X.

But thou sweet hamlet! clad in sober green,
Thou hast no ruined castle, tower or dome,
I love thee still. For here midst rural scene
In days of yore was our ancestral home.
Dear Ajapore! Amidst thy fields I roam,
And see this ruined temple² once how gay
Now hoary in its ruins,—ancestral dome!
And as I see this relic of ancient day
My thoughts spontaneous form into a pensive lay :—

1.

Now³ the evening star is peeping,
Thro' the sky so blue,
And the distant landscape fading
In twilight's sable hue,
I stand within my father's tower,
Alone in such romantic hour.

2.

Here jackal bends his piercing eye
Upon my novel mien,
Unmindful spider hangs on high,
Or feeds on victims slain.
Oh! these new tenants dare me call
Intruder in my father's hall!

3.

Walls of my sires ! if ye could speak,
If ye could have a tongue,
Save by the owl's awful shriek,
Or raven's uncouth song,
Fain would I ask of days gone by
And o'er each tale would heave a sigh !

4.

Thy six fair comrades, where are they ?
These ruins speak they were.
Long have they mouldered to decay
Their earthly fate they share.
They fell on that momentous day ;
A mother's debt they could not pay.

5.

Proud man ! thy efforts vain behold,
Not temples strong or high,
Nor altars built, adorned with gold,
Can e'er undo that tie !
Oh ! holy is that blessed bond
A mother's love so pure and fond !

6.

Thou too with them hadst passed away,
But his repentant call
Then stopped thee in thy headlong way,
Prevented thus thy fall.
To man repentant gracious Heaven
Allows his sins to be forgiven.

7.

Adieu thou lone surviving thing
The moon shines pale on thee,
The ravens now thy requiem sing
From neighb'ring popul tree.
A few years more, and thou shalt lie
A nameless heap beneath the sky.

XI.

Navadwip ! once great and glorious place,
The shame, and pride at once of this fair land ;—
Thence fled thy aged king in dire disgrace
Before the fierce conquering moslem band. [stand
O Lukshman ! Lukshman ! couldst thou not then
Against thy country's foes tho' but to fall ?
Thy heart as weak, as feeble was thy hand,
And deaf to honor's voice and country's call
You fled in fear afar, from your ancestral hall."

XII.

Navadwip ! O ! once great and mighty town !
The seat of Hindu kings in days of yore !
But yet much greater is thy fair renown
For schools of logic, and thy ancient lore.
There from many a land, and distant shore
The humble learners came with ardent mind
There day by day, and year by year to pore
O'er Raghunath's legacy left unto mankind
The great Didhiti, yet unrivalled in its kind.

XIII.

Navadwip ! the place of Chytanya's birth,
And where is now that preacher and that sage ?
With tongue so eloquent, who taught this earth
Th' equality of man ? With noble rage
Poured forth against the vices of his age ?
A noble soul was his ;—though his great deed
Is not declared in hist'ry's partial page,
And the wide world holds back his praise's meed.
But what is glory of this earth ? A rotten weed !

XIV.

And where O ! where is that Navadwip now ?
Swept by the stream into the endless sea !⁵
Or say sought she, in shame, to hide her brow,
And plunged herself into Bhagirathi ?
Unable more to bear the misery
Which steadfast waits upon declining years ;
When power, honor, prestige, pride and glory
Are lost for evermore and naught endures,
Save memory of the past, and sad and bitter cares.

XV.

Navadwip ! see here still thy shadow stands,
This lowly, peaceful, neat, and quiet hamlet.
Still in thy schools from many distant lands
The anxious learners have for learning met.
Behold thy glories all have not yet set.
See good Chaitanya's statue standing there
Against his country's sins still seems to fret.
And great Raghunath's lore is taught with care,
And still thy name is great, and thy renown is fair.

XVI.

Immured in city, how with raptures now

Midst village scenes I hail thee rising sun !

I see from up the plains thy crimson brow.

Thy race of glory now but just begun,

Thro' th' ethereal realms of heavens to run.

Of what jewels rare, or of what coral made

Thy blushing face? With what perfection done !

And now behold thy radiant beams pervade

the waking world, and sky, with streaks of light and
[shade.

XVII.

The pensive world that weeps the morning dew,

Now brightens at thy lovely dawning light ;

The sable clouds assume the blushing hue ;

And lovely flowerets open at thy sight ;

The merry birds with rapture and delight

Now hail thee with their simple tuneful lay,

And madly mingle with thy rays so bright,

Glad at the sight of the approaching day [stay.
and fly to thee, nor aught of earth their course can

XVIII.

With wonder here on thee, O Sun ! I gaze
Now just above the level of the plain ;
And now o'er huts I see thy glory blaze ;
And next suspended on the trees remain.
And further still thy car doth rise, in vain
The row of lofty palm trees now doth rear
Their giant arms thy glit'ring orb to gain.
And now thou risest still, no more the glare
Of thy strong light my weak and mortal eyes can bear.

XIX.

What wonder then our simple sires of old,
Beholding such a grand majestic scene,
The glori'us clouds of light that thee unfold,
Would feel their little hearts subdued within,
And bow to thee upon the village green.
Poor guileless men ! midst nature's beauties born,
To worship nature's beauties e'er had been
The very early lessons they did learn, [discern."
When scarce the just and right from wrong they could

XX.

The sun has lighted up the fields and trees ;

The little huts now glitter in its ray. [breeze.

While blows the pure and fresh'ning morning

To fields the lowly ploughmen take their way

Cheered by the blushing morn to toils of day.

The busy housewives their own works attend.

And there the milkwhite kine now bask or play

In the clear sunshine. The far landscapes lend
an enchanting sight. And I think as on I wend ;—

XXI.

“Happy are they within these huts who dwell,

Where evil passions break not their sweet rest ;

Their lives tho' humble, pass in honest toil.”

Ah vain thought ! ah idle dream ! can man's breast
From foul passions e'er be free ! which infest

The hut and palace all alike, and make

This fair earth a wretched ! O ! weak and opprest !

When ye poor men, from your long sleep shall

[wake ?

all wisdom learn, and thro' thick veils of darkness

[break ?

XXII.

O ! who that has a heart to love mankind
Can see these lovely scenes, so rich and fair,
Which like some pictures please the eye and mind,
And the poor helpless men who live in there,
Nor wish, (tho' a moment'ry wish) to share
Their toils and woes ? With them to live and die
For their improvement ? But alas ! how rare
Those men, for others, who their case deny !
Or turn from paths of pleasure to hear the poor
[man's cry !

XXIII.

Here is a man with wealth and honors crowned
Whose vast estates extend there far and wide,
He is the lord of all he sees around,
The fields, the corn that stretch on ev'ry side.
And rank and titles pander to his pride,
His days are passed in pleasures, nights in dream
Of honors that may yet to him betide.
Tho' on his head the world may glory stream,
I shun him and his halls, though gilded bright they
[seem.

XXIV.

I turn to those,—his tenants in the field
Alike in sun and rain, in heat and cold,
Who make the earth a plenteous harvest yield.

Their wretched state, their poverty behold,
The dirty rags which scarce their loins enfold.

And scarce / gen'rous meal their frames sustain,
Yet see their lord with coffers full of gold

Screwed of these poor and weak and helpless men.
And still he'd claim increase, and still increase his
[gain.

XXV.

But who has told me here to moralize,

To rail against the idols of the day?

Who has a heart with poor to sympathise,

And yet can live at ease, and laugh and play?

Alas! Alas! we live not in that way.

We coolly shut our eye, we stop our ear,

We dare not even hear that which they say;

Ah! no, we dare not see, we dare not hear

The untold tales of woe which these poor people bear.

XXVI.

And now there mark where hills on hills arise
In gentle swellings on my either hand,
As thro' the vale our car now onward flies
What magic scenes before my eyes expand !
Hills, dales, and trees, how beautiful and grand !
How charming fair they all appear to me !
As at the carriage door I take my stand,
My heart absorbed in thought as these I see.
O ! what potent fascinations in them may be !

XXVII.

Ye mute and inanimate things of earth !
What volume after volume ye could speak !
Ye witnesses of Nature from her birth !
Ye for lore and instruction now I seek.
What empires, races in succession quick
Have rolled to Oblivion's dark domain ?
How man attempted,—proud, tho' poor and weak,
By murder, war, and many deeds of stain
To make his name what he calls great, but all in vain ?

XXVIII.

O ! speak for I can understand your tongue,
 For like the sages of the days gone bye
 I well can interpret the bird's wild song,
 Have learnt the languages of earth and sky,
 Of flowers that bloom, of stars that gleam on high,
 Of foaming torrents that o'er rocks rebound,
 Of silver brooks that softly whisper nigh.
 An adept I in Nature's voice and sound.
 When speak to me ye hills with sober verdure crowned.

XXIX.

And then to me, methinks, the hills reply—
 "Behold great Monghyr's fort that rises there,
 Along whose base broad Gunga babbles by.
 But he who raised that fortress, high in air,
 Where is he gone and all his glories where ?
 Where is he now who once within its hold
 Held ^{six and twenty} ~~eighty thousand~~ captive princes fair ?
 Where is Karna, the chieftain proud and bold ?
 And say where is his kingdom Anga great of old ?



XXX.

“ And great Magadha where ? To whose grim lord
The neighb’ring kings and princes homage paid.

In fragments lie the great and mighty sword
That once o’er many a fair kingdom swayed.

Conquerors and conquered ;—they all are laid
To cold eternal rest by Time’s rude hand.

Unknown alas ! their names, their glories fled
Like finger-marks upon the treach’rous sand. [band?
Say, where are they now, the once great and mighty

XXXI.

“ And where is now Pataliputra’s walls
Beneath whose base the golden river flowed ? 7

O ! where are now its palace, towers, and halls
Which once at morn with coral sunbeams glowed ?

Great Nanda where ! To whom his subjects bowed
Before whose arms the mighty Grecians^a fled ?

These narrow village-lanes and winding road,
That lowly crowd of wretched Moslem shed,
Behold, now stand, of palace, halls, and towers instead

XXXII.

“O ! ev’ry inch of ground your footsteps tread,
And ev’ry piece of rock that on you frown

Have witnessed noble acts of mighty dead,
And many a good deed of high renown.

And ev’ry field, and ev’ry rill and town
Were scenes of deeds which now all are over.

Now mould’ring lie the sceptre sword and crown,
Pride and glory all have gone for ever.

Go poor mortal home, unveil the past, O ! never.”

XXXIII.

The voice now ceased, but still into my ear

Echoed its last and sad and pensive tone

“Gone for ever,” and now my soul in fear

Started to hear the breeze repeat that moan,
To list around all lifeless things to groan

“Gone for ever.” Ah ! no I fondly thought,
Tho’ all have gone, still hope survives alone.

The days now fled, may back once more be brought,
And mighty deeds like those of yore once more be
[wrought.

XXXIV.

Mine be the sad, the self-imposed task
To wander by some old and ruined heap,
Where jackals and ominous ravens bask.
There to climb some high precipitous steep,
Or there, within some cavern dark to creep
Hallowed by the mem'ry of the by-gone age.
Or o'er some mould'ring walls and towers to weep ;
And read their tales in yet unwritten page.
O ! may such humble work my present life engage.

XXXV.

Benaras ! holy city of the East !
Thy shrines and splendid *ghats* as I survey,
Thy stony towers, the greatest and the least,
What visions wake of glorious ancient day !
The race that built thee, bade thee look so gay,
Filled this wide land with deeds of high renown,
Had strength and life, which now have passed away,—
A nation's life which ne'er comes back, when gone,
E'en as a spark that's quenched,—a light that erst
[while shone.

XXXVI.

Benaras ! holy city of the East !

How shinest thou like some enchanter's show !

How on thy towers my eyes intently feast !

Thy towers uprising from the stream below
Far up the sky, and catch the sun's first glow.

And now at calm and mellow evening light,
As my small boat along the stream doth go,

What magic scenes now burst upon my sight !
And my heart bounds with joy and rapture and delight

XXXVII.

The splendid row of *ghats* that line thy side,

The towers and temples, noble flights of stair,
Which lead into the holy Gunga's tide ;—

To me all appear so sublime and fair,
That lost in admiration I declare—

Are these the works of man ? Yes, by our race
Were raised the noble piles of building there.

I feel a pride which brightens up my face
The mighty works of our ancestors here to trace.

XXXVIII.

And now bewildered as I walk along

Thy crowded long and narrow antique street,
O! how I hear the sweet melodious song,

The sound of solemn conch, and bells to beat !
I see the gods each in his dark retreat.

And stony temples marked with quaint devise
Where countless pilgrims from far countries meet,
Where incense burns, and smoke ascends the skies
And flowers are strewed with care, and prayers and
[hymns arise.

XXXIX.

I stood within the temple of the god,

The temple of the "lord of earth and main,"
Which oft many a pilgrim's feet have trod

To clean them of their sin and worldly stain.
I stood, and perfumes burnt within the fane ;
The scented smoke now darkened half the room.
They sang aloud a wild beseeching strain
To their great god who rules the human doom,
Whose dread attendants are the spirits of the gloom.

XL.

And now they danced a curious antique dance

Their manly limbs with ashes silvered o'er ;

It seemed to me some wild and frantic prance

As sprites may do on lonely haunted moor.

The silent crowds there waited at the door

While loudly rang the bells both great and small.

'Twas solemn scene, it touched me to the core.

Amazed I looked leaning against the wall. [call.

What tho' in faith they err ;—with hope and love they

XLI.

'Twas night, I sat within a temple lone,

A flick'ring lamp there shed its feeble light,

The sculptured figures on the walls of stone

Appeared myster'ous to my wond'ring sight,

Half-lighted up, and half was hid in night.

The priest there sat upon his stony seat,

His pale scroll lay before, he read aright

From tales of olden days, a subject meet

For such a time and place, in tones melodious sweet.

XLII.

All these and thousands more that meet my eye
Make me forget the time I now live in,
And take me back to ages long gone-bye.

Here as I walk amidst such antique scene,
I seem to live when all things great had been,
When reigned good Saiva⁹ Kashi's truthful king
Tho' it be dream, a transient one I ween,
I fain would dream ~~such dream~~, nor wake to ^{living} ~~this~~
Which in its weary train to me afflictions bring.

XLIII.

For my heart⁴ is not made of stubborn steel
Nor yet of lump of clay inert and slow.

Deeply it feels as flesh and blood may feel, [^] 9/9/
To witness now my country's pangs and woe,
To see desolation where'er I go.

Ours are the gloomy days declining fast,
And well may I now therefore dream, and so
Forget the present in the glorious past.

E'en such fleeting dreams alas ! long they do not last

XLIV.

For marks of shame are stamped upon the land ;
Whose is the heart of stone that will not bleed
To see Aurungzebe's mosques there proudly stand ?
An emblem meet how men of Moslem creed,
From distant barren climes impelled by greed
Robbed our national freedom, power and all,
And trampled on the bruised, broken reed,
And reared their power upon a nation's fall.
Even as of Hindu ruins are reared these towers and hall.

XLV.

In this world of ours, weakness is a crime.
Ours the weakness of the infirm and old
Brought on by weary age and ruthless time.
Where now is Babylon ? And Medè bold ?
Or where is Greece ? Or Rome that tried to hold
This world and all its nations in her sway ?
Assyr'a ? Egypt ? Persia crowned with gold ?—
We saw them born, we saw them fade away,
And still we live, and still glides on our weary day.

XLVI.

They say the darkest night has its fair dawn.

So may it be, but yet alas ! for me,
As thro' these antique realms I journey on,
Each minar, mosque, or moslem tomb I see
Fills my pensive heart with sad misery.

For they remind me of the days of pain,
'That was thy lot to bear my fair Countrie.'

The Hindu power was broke, and followed then,
Dark days of Moslem rule, oppression, blood and stain

XLVII.

See there the Sarnath towers in ruins stand

Where other mould'ring fragments lie around.

The small cells of the lowly Buddhist band

Can hardly now be traced upon the ground.

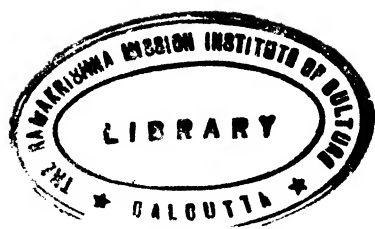
Poor monks ! whose lives in holy vows were bound

E'en your homes the cruel Time did not spare !

O ! did you once then think that yon dull mound

Shall e'er entomb abodes you built with care ?

In obliv'on's dark jaws all things shall disappear.



XLVIII.

Who that travels midst grey ruins as these
And reads the vanity of earth writ there,
And still can entertain light thoughts of ease,
Of idle splendour, pomp or power? As air
They light and fleeting seem! Or can bear
To jostle with the world for empty fame?
Were they not great, and mightily? proud and fair?
Now see ~~their~~ end! Unknown their very name!
All sunk within the cold earth out of which they came!

XLIX.

Yet one comfort 'tis midst all our sorrow,
That treach'rous fame and glory last with none.
He who's high to-day, down comes tomorrow.
He who is proud to-day, tomorrow's sun
Sees him there sunk in dark oblivion.
Come then ruthless Time! I laugh at thy frown.
Create and uncreate, and thus go on. [nown,
Since thou hast robbed our might, and high re-
are not whom you lift up, or whom cast you down.

L.

They say that thou hast power O ! gentle Time !
To renovate the withered and the worn.
The weary old, that thou bring'st back to prime,
Canst heal the bruised, the faded readorn.
If such thy blessings be, I shall not mourn.
Then roll on gentle Time ! thy course be light,
Thou dawning hope and stay of the forlorn !
Yet thou may'st drive away our gloomy night,
And heal our broken hearts, and set us all to right.

LI.

There have I bathed where sister currents meet
Beneath Prayaga, mighty ancient town.
Where doth the sable Jumna laughing greet
Pale Gunga's pure and holy waters brown.
O ! vain o'er them may Akbar's fortress frown,
They roll on in each others loved embrace,
By many an old place of great renown, [trace,
Thro' many distant tracts their course they
And many a field and town, by their presence grace.

LII.

There have I stood where Asok's pillar high
Thro' thousand years, doth Asok's mandates bear ;
There still it stands unmoved athwart the sky.

One of the mightest world did ever rear,
Asok where art thou now ! See earth and air
Are teeming with thy glory and thy praise,
But there is none alas ! that praise to hear.

Thy column stands a thing of idle gaze
Of the wond'ring sons of these degenerate days.

LIII.

There within the cavern dark I've been

Where by the Buddhist priests in ancient day
Many a mystic rite performèd been.

Now they alas ! have disappeared away
From the world's broad stage, and few now obey

A Buddhist king or saint. Tho' once their power
O'er the whole Ind was spread ; and their good sway
Was great alike in city, field and bower.

Now they all are gone. Each has his appointed hour.

LIV.

And O ! there too within the chambers dark

I've been where lived in yore the saintly sage,
The holy Rishi Bharadwaj. Scare mark

Or sign alas ! is left by ruthless age
Of his once sweet, delightful hermitage.

For now no wild birds' gladsome song I hear,
Nor verdant shady bowers my eyes engage,
Nor wild flowers open in my path, nor deer
Now play in peaceful herds, or graze devoid of fear.

181579 LV.

Here I see no modest hermit daughters

Wending to yonder stream at break of day,
Bathing there, or playing in the waters.

Nor hermit boys all clad in reddish grey,
Plucking the early flow'rs, as sweet as they.

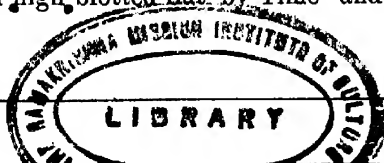
No curling smoke doth from this spot ascend,
No white haired sage now loiters ;—all away [end,
Have passed. They had their day, behold their
See around, man with man, and race with race
[contend !

LVI.

And here good Bharat came to welcome home
 His glori'us brothers from the wilderness,
 They thro' many a clime and realm did roam
 During their exile years in great distress ;
 Did bear privations, hunger, weariness.
 War most dreadful war they did fight and win,
 But ah ! now here in brothers' sweet embrace
 Forgot their toils, were happy once again
 Amidst the welcome shouts of their dear country-men.

LVII.

Those bright glorious days are past and gone,
 Those great glorious men O ! all are dead.
 Their sad memory now survives alone,
 With which our feeble minds e'en now are fed.
 Like some unearthly restless spirit dread
 Lonely in mind, I wander o'er the land ;
 For those great men I seek, O ! they are fled,
 Their mighty works like marks upon the sand,
 Are well nigh blotted out by Time and man's rude
 [hand.



LVIII.

Yet round the dying embers of our sires,
Round fading traces of our countrymen,
Round ev'ry blessèd spot or place that bears
Some connection with their glorious name ;
O ! there to hover round and round again
Is my poor aspiration in this earth
For the few years of life that yet remain.
For I can feel no pleasure, joy, nor mirth
In things which others please, with me they have no
[worth.

LIX.

But e'en this modest wish my fate denies.
For see me chainèd down, my life's best part
Struggling for scanty bread how swiftly flies.
O ! heavy thought ! It almost makes me start
When comes the painful thought, the cruel smart.
Life isn't a game, once lost, again we play.
Nor have I cold nor well controllèd heart,
Coolly to see, life ebbing day by day,
Life's objects unattained, life's pleasures far away.

LX.

Is this the blessèd place where thou wert born?

Thou pride and glory of Great Raghu's race!

Is this the holy place thou didst adorn

With valor's pride and beauty's matchless grace?

In vain I look, in vain I search, no trace

Of thee O Ram! or thine doth here remain.

The cold blue sky, the fields, the trees, the place

Betray not aught of thy now lost domain.

Nor stones nor fragments tell the glories of thy reign.

LXI.

Dilipa, Raghu, Sagar; where are they?

The great conquerors of the earth and main.

In pride they lived, in pride they passed away.

'Tis well they cannot wake to live again,

And see the yoke and bondage that profane

The place where Freedom's glorious temple stood.

They now live where peace and pleasures reign,

The last, blessèd home of the great and good,

Where strong oppress not weak, where rich men are not
[rude.]

LXII.

And thou too Sita ! purest, fairest, best,

Of all thy sex (how still thy fame doth shine,)
Hast found at last in heaven, thy final rest.

The world was rude to thee, for worth as thine,
(Tho' now thy country deems thee as divine)

Was felt not then ; thine was the lot, to bear
The load of unmerited woes, to pine

In cold neglect and solitude, and share
O ! more than Saint in meekness :—more than mortals' care.

LXIII.

In thy father's house, in Mithila far,—

There have I wandered with a pensive heart.
Long long ago has set thy glory's star,

Thy father's kingdom, splendour, pomp and art.
Tho' thou with thy good lord still worshipp'd art

There on the spot they say, where thou wert wont
Tho' still king Janak's temple stands apart,

I couldn't choose but weep for glories fled,
For kingdom that is gone, and brave men who are dead

LXIV.

The plough has levelled all the country round,
Palaces, temples, marts, O ! where are they ?
I saw naught but the bare and frowning ground
Reflecting there the angry sun's fierce ray.

I saw poor peasants plod their weary way
Where kings and nobles rode in pomp and state.
Gone are the buildings, gardens rich and gay,
Gone are the brave, the good, the proud, the great.

Mute is the glory's voice, the country desolate.

LXV.

They point out yet the place from which dread spot
Lukshman ! thyself didst in the river throw.
Disowned by brother rightly thou hadst thought
That life were nothing. And thy name shall go
To future ages graced with bright halo :

Famed not for thy fraternal love alone.

As valor's darling child, oppressor's foe,

As knight without reproach thy name is known,
and shall be known till human heart is turned to stone.

LXVI.

The same Sarayu rolls in regal pride

As ever rolled in happy days of yore,

Her deep and wide-extended silver tide

Here glides soft murm'ring o'er the sandy shore
Unmindful of her glories now no more.

The sky is vast and blue, the earth is green,

And nature smiles as e'er she smiled before,

The fields, the flowers, the trees, the birds are seen
As gay, fresh and lively as they had ever been.

LXVII.

And this ! O this ! they still Ayodhya call !

But where is now thy rampart strong of yore ?

The mighty engines planted on thy wall ?

Down with one shot a hundred foes that bore. ¹⁰
She lives ah ! impregnable now no more.

Where are thy gardens, buildings, proud and high
Thy crowded streets, wealth, power ! They all are
[o'er,

Perhaps for ever. But fame that cannot die
Still lives, that men may come, to muse here and t
[sigh.

LXVIII.

Yon mound of earth that rises to my view,
With tall trees overgrown and verdant grass,
The fragments of Ayodhya, O ! how few
Lie buried in that hoary shapeless mass.
Which e'en if undisclosed can tell alas !
The pensive tales of ages long gone bye,
How virtue, valour, beauty, wealth can pass,
To this sad tomb, where all promiscu's lie.
Man's works abide not long, they perish as we die.

LXIX.

Yet not in vain amidst these fields I roam ;
Was not this the place where many a king
Of solar race did reign, and find a home ?
And was not this the air that once did ring
With the loud shouts of army Ram did bring
From the famed conquest of the golden South ?
And heard it not the great Valmiki sing
The best of epics man has yet brought forth,
By the whole world admired, of yet unrivalled worth ?

LXX.

Long have I dwelt in damp and swampy East

Where we are weak, but mighty in our tongue,
Averse to work, with little valour blest.

I feel a pride as here I walk along,
To think we to the brotherhood belong

Of these powerful men ; who have hearts to dare,
And sturdy arms to act ;—brave, active, strong,

Unlike to what their eastern brethren are [drear
Whose history is a blank, whose future dark and

LXXI.

Brave men ! with you I fain would cast my lot !

O ! may I call myself your countryman !

For we're as weeds in our dull swamps that rot

Without life or purpose, infirm and wan.

In feebleness we spend our life's brief span.

But as tall pines which clothe Himalay's side

Ye are strong and powerful, and well ye can [ride

Bear the rude brunt where storms and tempests

Ye glory of our land, our country's hope and pride !

LXXII.

Your young, bashful wives in their budding prime
Who from the stranger hide their blooming face,
Your modest matrons in their autumn time
The worthy mothers of a gallant race,
The grey-haired elders in their wint'ry days,
The quick-eyed youths, and ye their stalwart
On all with admiration as I gaze, [sires ;—
Ah ! each with noble thoughts my soul inspires,
I feel that I am man, with great and high desires.

LXXIII.

Brave race ! Thine were the glori'us days of yore,
Thine were the hands that mighty empires wrought,
And thine, O thine ! the ancient classic lore
With which at first the infant world was taught.
Thine were the arms that mighty battles fought,
The patriot's zeal, the hero's deeds that shine,
Which ah ! can never never be forgot.
Thine were Valmiki, Vyasa's matchless line !
Hastina, Magadh, Oude, Ujjaini's glories thine !

LXXIV.

There is something in the railway travel
That suits my wild and truant fancy well,
The magic speed with which it doth unrav'l
The distant scenes, the plain, the hill, the dale ;
Or rolling rivers where they broadly swell
With rains, or glide o'er sands in silver stream.
These can enthral my soul as in a spell ;
And gazing ardently on them, they seem
Some fairy scenes, I scarce can trust they are no dream.

LXXV.

And now Etawa's ruined fort I pass
• Which is still on Jumna's grimly frowning,
Tho' now 'tis but a huge and shapeless mass,
Its towers and ramparts to dust are crumbling,
Where the dogs and jackals now are prowling.
Thou art the symbol of our country's fate ;
Fast in years and in misfortunes bending [great.
To the ground. Tho' once she was young and
In this world of ours, each has its appointed date.

LXXVI.

There from the east the coral god of day
Clothes with his purple light the earth and sky,
And Agra glitters in his morning ray ;
Her domes and palaces that rise on high,
Her crimson fort that grimly doth defy
All hostile force seem wrought of burnished gold.
And the long line of buildings far and nigh [rolled ;
O'er which the sun beams bright have gayly
How vision-like they seem, how glori'us to behold !

LXXVII.

But mark where sun's first smile more radiant plays,
And Jumna rolls in bluer lovelier tide,
Where Taj Mahal with lofty towering grace,
Entombs a royal lover and his bride ;
A nation's toil, to soothe a woman's pride !
Or mark the Motee Musjeed, passing fair,
Its marble domes uprising side by side,
Or see those marble halls, voluptuous, rare,
Where Begums frolicked free, an Emperor's love to
[share.

LXXVIII.

But not for these gay scenes, I left my home,
Not for grim fort that seems of coral made,
Not for th' uprising spire or marble dome
Here that I from farthest east have strayed.
I felt a longing which I have obeyed;
And that my ardent longing is to trace
O ! what may yet be traced of them who swayed
For many centuries on, a noble race.
Those Hindu kings of yore, who ruled in ancient days.

LXXIX.

Akbar ! not with reverence do I tread
This mansion raised to soothe thy royal pride
O'er the place where thy poor dusts are laid. [abide;
Though the whole world praise thee ; there shall
On thy career a stain. Did'st thou not lead
All thy great force to crush that chieftain bold
Who dared thy imperial power deride ?
In spite of all thy arts and force and gold,
Unbending stood great Pratap in his desert hold.

LXXX.

O ! mighty Pratap ! If so wills it fate,
The sacred spots connected with thy fame,
I hope to see, and there to meditate.

Whose is so great as thy glorious name ?
Or whom doth glory's crown so well become ?
Who can boast of greater patriot's zeal ?
Or nobler love of freedom ? who can claim
Mightier deeds of arms ? Or e'er did feel
Greater privations for his own dear country's weal¹¹ ?

LXXXI.

Brave Omer ! here the gate that bears thy name
O ! wrapt in thought on it I gazed awhile !
And is that all that speaks of thy great fame,
I asked myself with sad and pensive smile !
Ah yes ! But what is fame that doth beguile
Us fools ? Ah ! is it worth the wise man's care ?
While big mausoleums and marble pile,
Commemorate ambition, crime, or war,
True worth is oft forgot ! 'tis thus our world doth fare.

LXXXII.

Great Sikri's palace, point they out to me,
They point not out great Sikri's battle-field
Where stood the noble Rajpoot proud and free
His arms against the Moslem tribe to wield.
His was the brave heart which could ne'er be healed.
So long the Moslems trod upon this land.
His were the arms which held the sword and shield,
And with his Rajpoots brave he dared to stand
Against proud Baber, and his rude and warlike band.

LXXXIII.

Brave Sanga ! was there ever man like thee
Save in thy own heroic royal line ?
For what is valour, such as that we see
In all the world beside compared with thine ?
Yours was the patri'ts zeal, and cause divine
For which you bled and toiled both day and night,
In desert land where sun did fiercely shine,
In chilly cold beneath the moon's pale light !
Thou victor, tho' o'erthrown ! tho' vanquished, full of
[might¹² !

LXXXIV.

Thine is the glory that can never die,

A battle lost dims not thy fair renown.

Thine was the spirit unsubdued and high

That laughed to scorn the world's ignoble frown.

Thou martyr to thy cause ! The glory's crown

That doth so well become thy noble crest

Outshines his who pillaged many a town,

Thy and thy country's foe. In peace now rest,

Thy foemen's reign is o'er, these ruins so attest.

LXXXV.

Long since, I read in tales Arabian

Of city so with strange enchantment wrought,

It was with streets and towers complete, but man

The life and beauty of the town was not ;

All seemed deserted. Little then I thought

That on earth romantic dream so pretty,

With such a strange and fairy fancy fraught,

Could e'er be witnessed in reality.

See ! that dream embodied in this lonely city.

LXXXVI.

Sikri! Thy buildings made of crimson stone,
And spacious terraces, and spendid hall,
Are all complete ;—but desolate and lone !
The gay rich sculptures on each ancient wall,
The carvèd pillars in dread silence all [sigh]
Stand how lone ! Tho' once, one may think and
A king here held his court and festival,
And the loud shouts of man filled earth and sky.
But all is silent now, as here I pass them by.

LXXXVII.

There Birbal's palace stands before my sight,
And there great Jodeporc's princess found a home;
And if my information speaks aright
Yon buildings there were raised for her of Rome,¹³
And many a fair princess here did come [pride.
And prince, to swell king Akbar's pomp and
Where are they now ? Here human voice is dumb.
The very winds that thro' these rooms now ride
And howl in loneliness, proud Akbar's pomp deride.

LXXXVIII.

Imperial Delhi ! Empress of the land !

And then deserted, lonely and forlorn ;

Once first of all to rule and to command,

Next left alone in poverty to mourn !

Such e'er hath been thy fate ; till old and worn,

Scarce now in thee, a spark of life is left,

A wretched wreck, by stream of time art borne.

Of glory, beauty, power and strength bereft,

By wars and devastations,—the invader's sack and
[theft !

LXXXIX.

Imperial Delhi ! mingled with thy name, [year',

What mem'ries grand stretch back a thousand

Of wars and empires, glory and of shame,

Of joys and sufferings, triumph, hope and fear !

These marble halls, that lofty palace tower,

Mosaic flowers, inlaid of precious stone,

Attest the Mogul's greatness and his power.

But farther back thy glorious memories run

To days when Prithu ruled, and freedom was our own !

XC.

Hail glorious tower !¹⁴ As on thy top I stand
What scenes of desolation meet my eye,
The dread mis-shapen things on either hand,
The pride and pomp of kings all buried lie.
And see ! here right and left, and far and nigh
The frowning ruins press the loaded ground.
What place is this for man to think and sigh !
To muse on these grey fragments scattered round
And read the tales of woe to which his lot is bound.

XCI.

Great Prithu ! was this once thy royal seat ?
But now alas ! how wild and desolate !
Naught but the crumbling stones the stranger greet
And hoary ruins here his footsteps wait.
Is this our end ? And must relentless fate
Lev'l all alike, the mighty and the low ?
And cottage, kingdom, hut and royal state ?
Nor spare the good, the brave ? Well, be it so ;
Alas, we have no power, and to stern fate we bow.

XCII.

The lofty tower¹⁵ that rises high in air,
And now o'erlooks the ruins on the plain,
To please a pious daughter built up here,
Still to the world doth thy great deed proclaim,
Tho' impious hands have scribed another name,
And marked with uncouth lines its ancient brow,
And meanly tried to rob thee of thy fame.

Behold ! fair truth prevails at last ; and now
The mighty men of lore thy deathless work avow.

XCIII.

Lo ! fixed on earth here still thy iron wand¹⁶

[sway,

Braves tempests' sweep, and time's destructive
And many shocks hath stood, and still may stand,
From ruthless men more savage e'en than they.
So long the sun shall cheer the rising day,
And moon and stars shall brighten earth and sky,
O ! never can thy empire pass away,

Nor thy heroic name can ever die, [defy.

Stamped in our hearts they live, both men and time.

XCIV.

Here as amidst these colonades¹⁷ I walk,
What scenes before my raptured visions rise !
What see I now ! The past returneth back,
And domes and palace seem to kiss the skies,
And to whatever side I turn my eyes
They meet naught but a happy joyous throng.
I see the proud, the brave, the good, the wise ;
And those long dead, or live in tale or song,
Now seem alive once more, the happy crowds among.

XCV.

Here Prithu ! hold your festive mirth and song,
Here met your noble chieftains proud and bold,
And here many a story sweet and long,
Of deeds heroic and of love was told.
Here laughed the happy youth, and smiled the old,
And dark-eyed beauties danced, and courtiers
[played,
And you yourself attired in silk and gold, [surveyed,
Your empire's wealth, and pride, and power •
And here the subject kings their humble homage paid.

XCVI.

What giant hands did rear these rocks of old,
That like a mountain chain they look from far,
Sole remnant of thy fortress¹⁸ proud and bold,
That long withstood the shocks of hateful war.
Here as I stand, like burning meteor star
I see each bright red banner proudly wave,
I hear the din of battle wildly jar,
The clash of swords, the war-cry of the brave,
Rousing the weary men to glory and to grave.

XCVII.

By fancy led I join the strife of old,
Thy banners Prithu wave above my head ;
And here at fortress gate my post I hold
And fight with shades of men that long are dead.
Alas ! my fancy's broke, my dream is fled,
Or was it all the works of fevered brain ?
Or urged by mutual hate that knows no dread
They here in air repeat their strife again ?
Nor death nor time can quench the fury of these men ?

XCVIII.

These crumbling stones that cross me in my way
Too true a tale of desolation tell,
And the broad light of clear transparent day
Has disenchanted me of fancy's spell.
Ah ! who that feels can cease to weep ? The knell
Has sounded on our country's power and name,
And though each stone and nameless heap can tell
A tale of ancient glory and of fame,
Such glories of the past, but deepen present shame !

XCIX.

Already has the leaden hand of time
Pressed to obliv'on all we glory in ;
Where is Indraprastha now, the sublime,
The beautiful, the great ? The gorgeous scene
Of valour, freedom, worth, this place hath been.
Now sunk to poverty and nothingness !
O'er nameless heaps grows grass in verdure green,
And people walk in utter listlessness !
O ! vanity of fame ! O ! such its worthlessness !

C.

Where now is Yudhisthir? in ancient time,
Who here the Rajasuya feast did hold ;
When came many a king from distant clime,
Blazoned like stars in pride and pomp and gold ;
With cars and elephants and warriors bold.

Where are they ? Whose many a gallant deed
In Mahabharat's sacred page is told

Which never, never may we cease to read.
Memories grand of old ! Be they our hope and creed !

CI.

Where are the Pandavs now ? Whose noble sway,
Extended north and south and east and west ;
Whose mighty prowess in that glorious day ;—
All seemed as if could never sink to rest.

But ah ! in vain ! The lowest and the best
All all must end on earth in empty air ;
Their homes and kingdoms moulder into dust.

O ! Where are they ? their glory, greatness, where ?
The Pilgrim asks, but not e'en echo answers where ?

END OF CANTO I.



NOTES

TO THE

INDIAN PILGRIM.

CANTO I.

1 Not he of Mahábhárata.

2 There is a tradition current, that one of the ancestors of the author built seven temples at Ajapore, (a village situated a few miles from the present railway station of Mymari) in order to pay off the debt which a man owes to his mother. No sooner had he expressed himself to the purpose than the temples began to crumble down one after another, for it is said in our Shástras that no one can pay off a mother's debt. When six of them had fallen down, and the seventh was inclined to fall, he repented and retracted his words; on which the temple, it is said, remained in that inclined position.

3 It is hardly necessary to say that these and some few stanzas more first appeared in the *Bengal Magazine*.

4 It is stated by Mahomedan historians that Lukshman Sen fled from his palace on its being attacked by seventeen horsemen only. Further proofs than the mere assertion of the Mahomedans are necessary before this highly improbable statement can be credited.

5 The site of old Navadwipa is now swept away by the Bhagirathi (Hugli).

6 "Here, also, are the ruins of a fort, in which Jarasandha is said to have held 60,000 princes in confinement, ~~intending to sacrifice them to the gods, but~~ who were released by Bhism when Jarasandha was slain." Barton's Bengal, page 104.

7 The Sanskrit name of the Sone is *Hiranyabâhu* or the golden arm, the Erranaboas of the Greeks. This river in ancient time flowed by Patna, the ancient Pâtâliputra, the Greek Palibothra.

8 Accustomed to easy victories in Central Asia, the soldiers of Alexander were surprised to meet the stubborn resistance offered by Porus; and it was in the battle with him that the Grecian army lost their courage. They moreover heard of king Nanda's march with a large force against them. And this was the principal reason of their positively refusing to proceed further into India.

"The combat with Porus abated the spirit of the Macedonians, and made them resolve to proceed no further in India. It was with difficulty that they had defeated an enemy, who brought only twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse into the field; and they therefore opposed Alexander with great firmness, when he insisted that they should pass the Ganges, which (they were informed) was thirty-two furlongs in breadth, and in depth a hundred fathom. The opposite shore likewise (they understood) was covered with numbers of squadrons, battalions, and elephants. For the kings of the Gandarites and Præsians were said to be there awaiting them, with eighty thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, eight thousand chariots, and six thousand elephants trained to war. Neither is this number at all magnified."—*Plutarch. Langhorne's Translation.*

9 See Griffith's translation of *Râmâyana*, vol. II, page 485.

10 The ramparts of ancient Ayodhya as described in *Râmâyana*, were planted with engines named *Shataghni*, one shot from each of which would kill one hundred persons.

11 Nothing in history, nothing in romance, can be more thrilling than the noble heroism with which Pratap, the Rajput Chief of Mewar, fought for the independence of his country against the great power of Akber.

12 After the battle of Sikri Sanga declared that he would never return to his country, that the desert would be his home till he could beat back the Moslems from India.

13 Or rather Room by which name Constantinople is known to the Mahomedans. A princess of Constantinople was an inmate of Akber's harem.

14 Kuttub Minar.

15 Kuttub Minar was by some believed to have been erected by Sultan Altunsh, whose name, as well as that of his master and predecessor Kuttubuddin, it bears. But it has now been proved beyond dispute that it is the work of some Hindu prince, if not of Prithu. The popular story is that Prithu caused it to be built at the request of his pious daughter, that she might see the river Jumna from its top every morning. This tower is the highest in the world. Not far from it there is another unfinished structure of the same kind, which, as appears from its base, if finished, would have been nearly one and half times the one which now stands. It is said that Prithu commenced it with a view that his daughter might see both the Jumna and the Ganges from its top. But in this work he was interrupted by the Mahomedan invasion which at last overthrew his kingdom.

16 In order to secure Prithu's kingdom to his descendants, this iron pillar is said to have been driven by the Brahmins into the ground in some auspicious moment so deep, that it touched the head of the Serpent which is believed to support the world. The priests then blessed Prithu and said, that so long the sun and the



— more correctly Sangrama
Simha or the "Lion in Battle,"

There is a ship
which is in the water



moon and the pillar would last, his kingdom would not pass away from his line. But the king mistrusting them ordered the shaft to be taken out that he might see if it had actually touched the head of the Serpent. When it was taken out, the king found its end covered with blood. He then repented of his deed and ordered the pillar to be replaced, but the Brahmins said that the auspicious moment was past, and that he had lost his kingdom because of his belief. About twelve years after the Mahomedans conquered his kingdom.

17 There still exist among the ruins of Old Delhi several colonnades of pillars raised by Hindu kings before the Mahomedan conquest.

18 "It must have been a place of immense strength, and the masses of stone work and massive fortifications are well worth a visit. A considerable portion of the main wall is still standing as firm and solid as when first built.

"Another extensive series of fortifications adjoins this, including a circuit of about four miles."—*The Tourist's Guide.*

